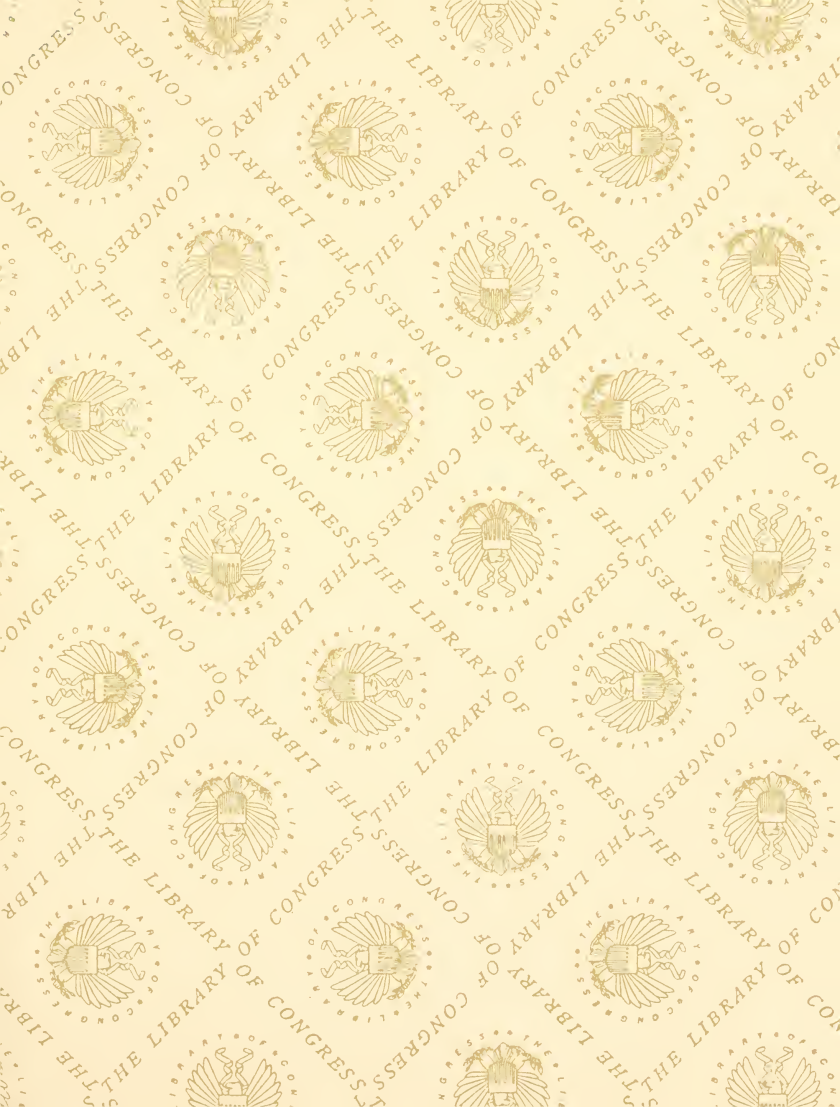


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120

CANTICLES

OF

NIAGARA

AND OTHER POEMS



102

CHARLES G. DEUTHER

145 Park St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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1909

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TO THE READER,

I have, at various times, been requested by my friends to publish the efforts of my muse in book form.

That I have not done so until now, was intended as no slight on my part. On the contrary, a feeling of diffidence as to the merits of the book restrained me, until now, no longer able to overcome their wishes, I herewith send it adrift, hoping it will be a source of pleasure and profit.

The poems were written at intervals during several years, and on subjects as they presented themselves. The Canticles of Niagara embrace a description of the climate and condition of the country in Canada (1600), there being no civilization and consequently no life, except such as the Indian gave. Necessarily incomplete in description, yet enough suffices to give the reader an idea of the variation of the seasons.

Into your hands, dear reader, I commit this work, hoping to find in you a gentle critic.

CHARLES G. DEUTHER.



*Yours truly,
Charles G. Deuther.*

To my son-in-law

John Charles Conway

The following pages of my pen are
affectionately dedicated.

—Charles G. Deuther.

INDEX

CANTICLES OF NIAGARA

	PAGE
A Canadian Winter in 1600	9
A Canadian Spring in 1600	12
A Canadian Summer in 1600	16
A Canadian Autumn in 1600	19
Niagara River Below the Niagara Falls	22
The Famous River of Niagara and the Falls	24
Greater Buffalo	27
Lake Erie	30

OTHER POEMS

Before the Battle	31
The Dawn of Summer	32
Heights about Worcester, Mass.	33
St. Cecilia	35
Mea Alma Mater	35
Fourth of July—1863	38
In Memoriam (On the Death of a Friend)	39
The Morning Dawn	40
Sunshine	41
Past and Future	42
In Memoriam (Mary Bisgood)	42
Christmas	43
Hope	45
Spring	45
Cupid—Woman	46

INDEX—Continued.

	PAGE
The Dawn of Aurora	46
In Memoriam (Mary A. Rose)	46
To My Daughter Florence	47
A Greeting to Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan, C. M.	48
In Memoriam Rt. Rev. Jno. Timon, D. D., C. M.	50
Friendship	52
To My Daughter, Felicia Pearl	52
Lines Suggested on Going Down to the Cellar for Wine one Evening	53
In Memoriam, Rev. Chas. B. Magennis	57
Poem Dedicatory to the Buffalo Catholic Institute	58
Before a Natural Gas Grate Fire	61
Dedication of the New Stage of the B. C. Institute	63
To a Little Girl on her 8th Birthday, Miss Kitty Amsbler	66
Nettie Cone	66
25th Anniversary of the B. C. Institute	67
Bishop Colton	71
The Angelus	73
To the Memory of Mr. John McManus	75
Banquet Poem	76
The Emerald Isle	80
Reverie at Manhattan Beach	81
The Carrillon of St. Joseph	82
Our Flag — Emblem of Liberty	84
In Memoriam (Mary Hickey)	86

CANTICLES OF NIAGARA.

CANTO I.

Canadian Winter, 1600.

'Neath a sky, both cold and opaque,
Because of the winter's gray clouds;
Lay landscape and river and lake,
Enwrapped in their soft whitened shrouds.

The forests, like armies immense,
With primeval structures arose;
Their interior, dismal and dense,
Scarce offered protecting repose.

The waters were frigid with ice,
And fishes, imbedded, were froze.
The wind, with the grip of a vise,
Held animal life in its throes.

Bitter cold sought air, in its flight,
Life scampered to burrows and trees;
Solemnity reigned in its might,
As it clung to the skirts of the breeze.

Dame nature was sheeted in white,
The rocks were beplastered with snow;
The trunks of the trees were bedight
With crystals above and below.

Stalactites of ice hung in view,
Where torrents,—in sportive display,—
Leaped rock unto rock,—to pursue
The water's mad flow and their spray.

Where,—crushed with the snow's heavy mass,—
The forests in reverence bent;
Half fallen trees which sheltered the grass,
There prone on the earth lay ostent.

In swamps, matted cedars lay rot,
Their prostrated trunks rose in piles;
The chilly ravine's dreary spot,
Ran barren and cold into miles.

The horizon to zenith was lit
With the flashes of northern light;
These meteors, in silence transmit
Their brilliance and silver in flight.

Fitful and vivid they play,
In myriads, dance o'er the sky;
The Indians their terrors betray,
When their eyes these beauties descry.

Intense was the silence which hung
On mountain, and tree, and on land;
Save where icicles pendant were strung,
To crack and to break and disband.

The earth fallen branches explode
When trod on by animal feet;
Who shivered with fear and with cold,
Surrounded by ice and by sleet.

Cold overhead,—the wind keenly rode
On its steed to its northern sphere;
It pierced through the Indian's abode,
Leaving death and disaster and fear.

The cry of the bittern in flight,
The savage wolf howling for prey,—
Caused blood-curdling echoes at night,—
Nor ceased 'fore the dawn of the day.

In spite of the rigors of snow,—
In spite of the wind in its flight,—
The death dealing dampness below
Incisively killed with its might.

It followed the red men for miles,
Who roamed in pursuit of their prey;
In vain sought familiar defiles,
O'erwhelmed by the storm on their way.
The storm spread its mantle abroad,—
It covered its path with the dead;
The Indian, in terror o'erawed,
Sought shelter in vain as he fled.
As he fled from Niagara's Fall,
And stumbled through wilds to the West;
Nor paused 'till he reached Montreal,
Which "Black Robes" had solemnly blessed.
Privation and hunger his foes,—
Though stoic and inured to want;
His body oft lay where it froze,
Lay there, attenuate and gaunt.
The red men in tepees of wood,
Warmed by a fire,—stified with smoke;
Restless they lay,—restless they stood,—
To moan and to starve and to choke.
In winter they lived from the chase,—
In summer they ate from the stream;
They hunted from place unto place,—
These lords of the forest supreme.
Untutored in morals and law,
In depths of depravity reared;
They were filled with wonder and awe
When the Jesuit Fathers appeared.
No language can clearly describe
The fear their incursions awoke;
'Twas death and destruction of tribe
That followed their tomahawk's stroke.

Such was the fate of this race;
And worse,—which no power can describe;
Their lives and privation kept pace,
Algonquin and Iroquois tribe.

CANTO II.

Canadian Spring in 1600.

The long dreary winter had passed,
Before the arrival of spring;
The knell-tolling sound of the blast,
To the North was plunging on wing.

To the genial rays of the sun
The ice and the snow spent their force;
Long 'fore the dissolvment began,
Or rivers had emptied their source.

The streams from their torpor released
Flowed musically on to their goal;
The rush of the waters increased
Once free from the winter's control.

From mountains and hills rolled the flood
O'er rocks to the river below;
Nor spared the wild flowers in bud,
This torrent of water and snow.

Then freed from the grip of the ice
The winter-bound fishes awake;
Like children o'ercome with surprise,
They leap into river and lake.

Forth issued the bear from his lair
Aroused from his winter's long nap;
The ice-clustered trees are still there,
Which yield to the heat with a snap.

The clouds no longer a menace,
Retreat to the north as they flee;
Join damp and the cold in the race
Obedient to Nature's decree.

The forests, still gloomy and bare.
Their branches disheveled of leaves.
Pale solitude dwelt everywhere,
As far as the eye could perceive.

The buds on the bushes and trees
Generative bloom into view;
They blossom to form into leaves
Nourished by rain and sweetened with dew.

But soon vegetation o'erspread
The landscape so void and drear;
The branches their foliage shed
To herald the spring of the year.

The red-breasted robin appears
To welcome the season with song;
His body, how stately he rears,
Whilst echoes his cadence prolong.

The uppermost heights of the trees,—
The dangerous ledge of the rocks,—
Conceal the shrewd rook at his ease
Who danger contemplative mocks.

The air weighs the thrush's wild notes
Which scatter afar o'er the lea;
Her ambient melody floats
To rival the spring's jubilee.

The Indian awakes from his dream,
Now that winter's severity's fled;
He laves in and drinks from the stream,
Reclines on the sward for his bed.

The blackbird and robin in praise
Stir the silence with echo's reply;
The skylark and warbler through space
Their voices unite as they fly.

The woods are repeating the ode;
The perfume of plants is afloat;
The call of cricket and toad
Is heard from the thicket and moat.

The worms and reptiles in turn
Unravel their sinuous forms;
From torpor to life again born,
They revel in hideous swarms.

The sibilant serpent is heard,
As he coils the tall cedar tree;
In terror retreats the young bird,
As upward he soars to be free.

The woods raise a carpet of green,
Whose meshes are woven with care;
'Tis spread o'er the loamy terrene
In verdure, fresh, verdant, and fair.

'Neath the palm and cypress elate,
The fallow deer grazes and strays;
The moose, with his antlers palmate,
Scents danger—then listens—and neighs.

Viscous twigs with their serpentine folds,
The leonine oaks intertwine;
Whilst leaflets of sweet marigold
Their colors with jasmine combine.

Like columns of some ancient pile,
Piny trunks, sepulchral arise;
Through distance,—their dark forms defile
Prodigious for strength and for size.

Where,—drooping with silvery bells,
Helasias are pendant from vines;
Where—Gordonia blushingly dwells,
And, from the bough, hanging inclines.

Their roots lie athirst in the brook,
From whence they life sustenance lave.
In transport, the ravished leaves look,
As their forms reflect from the wave.

The meadows expansively roll,
O'erspread with a mantle of green;
And browsing—the deer with her foal
Adds beauty and life to the scene.

Pale daisies and buttercups bloom,
Their radiance scatters to view;
They exhale a multi-perfume
Which zephyrs exhilarant woo.

Where flutter the nascent young leaves,
The wanton sun glimmering plays;
Weird figures the wooing air weaves,
To soothe with their sensuous rays.

Bold and dreamy, the mountains arise,
Veiled in their thin purple hue;
Their grandeur impinges the skies,
To crown the magnificent view.

The glutinous bark of the trees
With moisture is constantly wet;
Rheumatic in form and disease—
(Which vegetable cysts beget).

They twist and distort with decay—
Mute from their birth, they silently plead
Like lepers, who urgently pray
And succor demand in their need.

To connubial warmth of the sun,
Responsive the virescent earth,
Throbs with desire and hunger jejune
To life, and to blossom give birth.

CANTO III.

Canadian Summer, 1600.

Emerged from their chrysalis state,
The butterflies flutter on wing;
The breath of the summer elate
Announces the flight of the spring.

Bees—everywhere droning in flight
For honey—are roaming the fields;
The flowers their visit invite,
Whose sweets unresistingly yield.

Vainly sought one the refuge of trees;
The heat of a hot summer's day,
Disturbed by the sun-laden breeze,
Fills man, or the beast, with dismay.

Broad acres of golden grain corn,
Their summits by zephyrs caressed;—
The varigold landscape adorn,
Which with bounteous plenty are blessed.

Soft fringes of grass line the shore;
Their drapery moves with the air;
They nod to the tall sycamore,
Whose favor they try to ensnare.

Along the low shores of the stream,
Which sportively flowed in its flight;
The breeze-laden wave sang its theme,
As it rolled on the beach in delight.

Where, caverns constructed of rock,
There, secure from danger or fear,
Rare plumage oft gathered in flock,
Immune to the season of year.

The odor of pines filled the breeze,
Which was wafted, health-laden, afar;
Its resinous breath killed disease
And healed the destructive catarrh.

Ornate, from the arms of the oak,
Hang draperies of long Spanish moss;
Their gray forms reflect from the brook,
Which the waters refractively toss.

Where acres of wild olive groves
Career o'er the landscape in flight;
Where, warbling, the nightingale roves,
To add to the traveller's delight—

Verdure immemorial dwells;
It shrouds the interior shade;
The tall trees, like mute sentinels
Stand guard o'er each pathway and glade.

The sea, through the trees, we descry
Where waters unceasingly roll;
The foam-crested waves kiss the sky,
Whose reflections they seek to control.

Vast—spacious—cathedral in form—
Huge groves in solitude dwell;
Immune are their aisles from the storm,
Which umbrageous branches dispel.

On points, jutting rock-covered coasts
Vegetation profusively hung;
Unfolding its multi-bright hosts
Where figures symmetrically clung.

Unbridled the rivers now leap,
Over rocks—fall tumbling below,—
To stifle their rage in the deep—
To quarrel and boil and to seethe.

Their serpentine trend sped away,
Or slept in the shadows of trees;
Or thrashed the white surface with spray,
To find, far and wide, their release.

Ancient firs, canescent and grim,
Their decrepitude covered with moss;
Trembled on cliffs; o'er the brim
Momently awaiting their loss.

There, prone in the stream, lay an oak;
Bleached and bare, it lifted its arm;
'Twas held by an unyielding yoke,
Destroyed by the wind and the storm

The hemlock, whose forehead was dead,
Receptively smiled at the light;
Which slowly crept down and o'erspread
The cedar which stood to the right.

The rock-maple waves its green moss;
The beech brightly glistens with fire;
The stiff, sombre balsams surpass
The oaks in their massive attire.

There, inlets of quiet and peace;
There, nooks which invited repose;
Where herons indulged at their ease
In havens of safety they chose.

Where, basins surrounded by rock;
There, caldrons were seething and fierce;
Like cannons the impacted shocks
Of waters—disrupt and impierce.

The leaf, as it whispered, would fall;
The bough, roughly shaken, would creak;
The stir of an insect would call,
Unmoved by the panther's wild shriek.

The Canadian wilds stretch away;
Monotony covers their sweep;
Though subject to season's decay,
Their semblance of growth they still keep.

CANTO IV.

Canadian Autumn, 1600.

The summer waned upon the scene,
The sun moved slowly to the north;
The autumn brown displaced the green
And chilled the heat of nascent earth.

The trees in various shades arrayed,
From brown incline to mystic red;
Soft yellows, too, their tints displayed,
As o'er the boughs their radiance spread.

The fruitage left the parent stem;
The acorns sought the damp terrene;
The leaf decays, and, like a gem,
It slowly through the air careens.

The mantling forest, everywhere
With leaves in summer clad,
Dejected stood; their boughs were bared,
Through which the wind flowed—crooning
sad.

Dull melancholy's deadly grip
Dismantled nature's beauteous form;
'Twas not enough the trees to strip;
It must the landscape, too, transform.

The morning air was sharp and cold;
The birds took passage for a clime
Far south—where bloomed the marigold
And warmth dispelled the autumn rime.

Gray, sullen autumn ruled the land;
In solemn mourning swamps were veiled;
The storm-racked pines on every hand
With moan and roar their fate bewailed.

The black lagoons their echoes spent,
The melancholy wood's broad sweep;
Concealed the glare of lynx, content
To crouch and on his victim creep.

The hummocks, now a dreary waste,
Lay shivering in their wetshod dress;
For well they knew, 'twas but a taste
Of winter and its cheerlessness.

At night the Indians built a fire,
Which crackled on the stilly air;
The flame shot up its lurid spire,
Which lit the forest with its glare.

And through the flood of flickering light
Wild forms stood forth against the gloom;
The strong, the weak,—their age despite,—
These looked like spirits from the tomb.

Moss bearded ancients trembling stood,
Huge trunks with wens and goitres clad;
The oak,—a giant in the wood,—
In rusty mail severe though sad,—

Reared their massive, mighty heads,
To bid defiance to their fate;
Which over living things is shed,
In warning to prepare and wait.

The birch its ghastly spectre reared,
With limbs of foliage devoid,
As through their columns flames appeared,
Which all their sanctity destroyed.

Such, and more severe, the autumn,
Which the change of seasons ushered in;
To such, the summer did succumb,
Overcome by this assassin.

Rain fell from overloaded skies
And drenched the terror-stricken land;
The flood, with brutal force, defies
The wastes, which far and wide expand.

The bear, the wolf, to haunts retire,
As winter's chariot leaps and bounds;
Which nearer rolls in white attire
And with its snow the earth surrounds.

The forests dropped their festal robes
Before the breath of crystal air;
The night with knife incisive probes,—
And bids the traveller beware.

A frosty armor decked the ground,
Which shimmered in the morning sun;
Wild turkeys' vocal sounds abounds,
To prove the autumn had begun.

The woods' interior, vast with space,
Unsheltered by denuded leaves;
Their massive buttressed columns raise,
Like antlers as they interweave.

On shimmering wastes November sank,
Chilly and sombre as the tomb;
Where lay the bogs with surface dank—
Precursor of a winter's gloom.

In voiceless rock embodied dwelt
A soul (though dumb), from silence woke;
When sound and echoes 'fore it knelt,—
And the turgid stillness broke.

The trees which grew along the cliff
Were pencilled by the setting sun;
Their ancient forms were old and stiff—
Destruction showed their race had run.

CANTO V.

Niagara River Below the Falls.

When winter gathers o'er Niagara Falls,
It freezes all the water 'neath its feet—
Except the flow beneath the frosted sheet.
Accretion raises up a precipice,
That fills the basin of this rough abyss
With stolid ice whose massiveness appalls.

The deep ravine lies many fathoms down,
Where rise the straight-laced overhanging
rocks;
To which, in summer, cling the birds in flocks.
Now trickling streams from every pore
exude,
Until by congelation firm subdued,
They spread, and all the cliffs with beauty
crown.

Then from the eminence to base below,
Quaint icicles in thousands pendant cling;
Until the rays of sun their freedom bring.
The glittering icy jewels fill the eye,
With weird but brilliant phantoms to outvie
The grandeur of Niagara's river flow.

The vasty gorge beyond the falls, for miles
Was cleft by one of nature's earthquake shocks;
Upheaving boulders and impacted rocks.
This may have been a thousand years ago.
These embattlements are lined with snow,
With which the winter covers these defiles.

The constant run of water o'er the height,
Does not disturb the frigid scenic view.
Nor does the frozen spray or wind that blew
Across the bridge which nature planted there,
The grand magnificence with gloom impair.
The ice bridge rears with crystal forms bedight.

Above the falls, the land which lines the shore,
Looks on the water in its sad descent;
The trees on every hand with cones o'erbent,
With ice beplastered feeble forms sustain
The load; defy the winter's galling chain,
'Till summer shall their hapless limbs restore.

A fitting background to this Arctic scene,
The leaden clouds their cheerless forms display,
As they move demonstrative away.
From their womb they cast the snow and sleet;
Then northward with their lowering frowns retreat,
To vent on other fields their chilly spleen.

Tho' cold and damp, still we linger there,
Where river, clime and ice the mind enthralls.
As we pace above Niagara Falls.
The water near shore reflects the forms
Of trees o'erloaded by the weight of storms,
Reflections which convey their mute despair.

THE FAMOUS RIVER OF NIAGARA AND THE FALLS.

Niagara,—whose sheen of water flows
From Erie's illimitable expanse;
Whose currents,—scarce perceptible, disclose
Great energy and strength as they advance:

Thy langorous, yet swift disporting tide
Moves on, nor dallies in its raging chase,
Until it plunges o'er the great divide
To foam and spray,—and lose itself in space.

Thy thunder,—heard for miles,—proclaims thy power,
Proclaims thy subtle force none can resist;
Thy seething waters leap and then devour
Thy victims,—lost in eddies and in mist.

Once o'er the Falls, the river bed glides on,
Petrific rocks their ugly shapes secrete;
For 'neath the liquid turbulence they run
To Ontario's lake in swift retreat.

Time was when all this grandeur did o'erawe
The traveler; to whom it seemed a dream,
When all along Niagara's bank he saw
The summer's verdure lave beneath the stream.

The restive water tossed its sinuous form,
Its undulations in their ceaseless roll,
Foam-crested,—reared themselves in multiform,
To find their rapid course beyond control.

The shimmering waves in glee their transport
trend
Unbroken; save for sudden jutting rocks,
The rays of moonlight o'er their surface bend,
And these the river by reflection mocks.

The finny tribe disports within the flood,
They leap about, like dolphins when at play;
They seem to laugh as o'er the waves they scud
And toss the effervescence into spray.

The stream from green to blue—from blue to green
Chameleon,—changes color as it flows;
In places turgid,—and in spots serene,
Controlled by wind, as on its course it strows.

Th' astounded traveler keeps up his pace,
This aqueous movement follows to the falls;
Fast,—and faster grows the thunderous race,
Until it plunges, and his soul enthralls.

'Tis when the rapids gather in their wrath,
Not far from whence they take their fall;
They sweep before them in their murderous path,—
Who dare their stern prerogative forestall.

Smoothly the buoyant, glassy waters roll;
One scarce would deem, as, poised upon the brink,—
This soft liquescence, — ceaseless, — failed to troll,—
Or,—from the final plunge, it seemed to
shrink.

Yet,—constantly it pours to rocks below
In never-ending volume, flood on flood;
The water struggles with the overflow
To seek beyond,—a clearer latitude.

Sublime, the sun athwart this grandeur shone
To light the sparkling sprays with rainbow
tints;
Which o'er Niagara Falls were mystic thrown,
Like kisses which the god of love imprints.

By nature formed, obedient to her laws,
'Tis fitly called a wonder of our sphere;
'Twill make men in their calculations pause
To reverence the great Creator here.

The vapor which surrounds these wondrous
falls,
Like steam on wing, obscures the atmosphere;
It soars and floats away; it oft recalls
To memory, the tourist's visit there.

Recalls the rays, which sportively amaze
When sun-kissed clouds made manifest the
gold
That glittered 'mong the snow-white sprays,
And through the ambient air grew manifold.

Wonder of the world!—greater none than thou!
Reclining at thy feet the poet wrote;
He sang the triumphs which surround thy brow
In verse and rhyme arranged in noblest
thought.

The artist, too, his inspiration woke.—
His genius on the canvas spread thy fame;
For by his graphic colored pencil's stroke
Immortal made thy beauty and thy name.

Blame not the bard effusive in thy praise
Whose warm transcription floods his eager
pen;
For centuries Niagara will amaze
And waken paeans from mouths of unborn
men.

GREATER BUFFALO.

You may sing of the Alps and other bright
 places,
 Of Naples, her sunsets, and all that you
 know;
You may dwell on the Rhine, and all it embraces,
 But you'll never surpass our great Buffalo.

The wealth of the Indies, the flowers of Japan
 Contribute their riches and fragrance to man;
But search for all these and more if you can
 Excelled them we have with our "American
 Pan."

Obscure and alone, and to fame all unknown,
 She spread her broad acres next Erie's expanse;
For years our large city had gradually grown
 To bloom and expand—to grow and advance.

From the North to the South she emerges to
 view—
 From East to the West, she rises and sets—
She'll take in the falls and distant Depew—
 But to primeval Rochester send her regrets.

Unlike Colorado's abnormal declines,
 Whose rocks are superb, whose valleys expand;
At the feet of Niagara our Buffalo reclines
 To lave and to revel in waters so grand.

The East nor the West have charms to com-
 pare,
 No mountains are seen to shadow her site;
'Tis health that exhales from the ambient air;
 As o'er her domain it gathers in flight.

The river and lake which encompass her form
Flow unceasingly on from their source to
their goal;

Her commerce rides safely to port through the
storm—

She's Queen of the sheaf—she's Queen of the
troll.

No wonder the grandeur of Western New York,
Overawed the explorer a century ago;
For down the swift river swam heron and stork,
And grazing on land roamed the wild buffalo.

On the shores of Lake Erie grew forests immense,
Their umbrageous depths varied beauty concealed;

For man or for beast, 'gainst storm a defense
Their inmost recesses a haven revealed.

The red men were lords of extensive domain,
Their grimy tepees were encircled with smoke;
Their warfare, so bitter, embattled the plain
When tribe against tribe in conflict awoke.

Here dwelt the Algonquin and Seneca tribes,
The merciless Iroquois, and other fierce foes;
Here met they in council, their chiefs and their
scribes,

Here waged they their wars—here dwelt in
repose.

Untutored and savage, their prowess prevailed,
Their tomahawks cleaved, their spears did the
rest;

No mercy to captives had ever availed;
To kill seemed the purpose of each savage
breast.

When the Cassock and Cross instilled them with
 awe,
And a new dispensation had dawned on their
 lives;
They were filled with surprise and they bowed
 to the law,
These terrible men, their children and wives.

But not without murmur; and oftener crime,
 They could not give up their traditions at
 once;
The teachings of Christ, so sweet and sublime,
 From many a soul received no response.

With patience angelic, and sufferings heroic,
 Little by little aversion was spent;
The Indian, no longer so firm and so stoic,
 To the Cross and to Christ in reverence bent.

The woods then receded 'fore the sway of the
 axe,
The white man appeared and improved on
 the scene;
Then hamlet and village fast followed their
 tracks,
'Twas civilized life where savage had been.

How much in our age to the past do we owe,
 To the perils and labors our forefathers bore;
They preserved our possessions, they conquered
 a foe,
And found our home on this forest-girth shore.

The river still flows as peacefully on
 As when it was trolled by the famous red men,
And the forests, once vast, are nearly all gone,
 And likewise the Indian, his spear and his den.

Before the dissolvements of time have they fled,
Like races inferior, they have melted away,
Their ashes are scattered in the graves of the
dead,
And an era of hope illumines the day.

Illumines the West where Buffalo lies
Impinging each housetop that rises to view,
With beacons of color direct from the skies,
As seen from the train when it passes Depew.

To right and to left doth building and spire,
(So many vertices mellowed with light)—
Emblazon their forms with sunset and fire,
Whose beauties the incoming travelers invite.

LAKE ERIE.

Mother of a cataract, mighty and grand,
From the East to West thy waters expand;
They dash upon Canada's forest-girth shore,
Their laughter is heard in Niagara's roar;
On the skirts of the breeze their murmuring
flows,
As fast as the wind continues and blows.

Erie! how haughtily dance on thy breast
Swift-footed prowls on their way to the West.
Like dolphins they play, and scoff at the gale,
Speeding their flight with the full-bellied sail;
They rise and they swell in their ambient path,
Scorning, they smile at thy foam-gathered
wrath.

The commerce of nations in reverence bow—
Thy fame is not local, but everywhere now;
How great is thy prestige on history's leaf,
There is none but will yield thou'rt Queen of
the Sheaf;

Nor envy do else than echo thy name,
Long since secure on the pinnacle of fame.

Have you not heard of the days of her youth,
When oppression essayed to vanquish the
truth;

When, Venus-like, Liberty sprang from the
wave

And drowned the invader in a watery grave.
'Twas then, with our Perry, we struck with our
might,

For country, for freedom, for God and the
right.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

There is a pause in the march of events,
Anxiety dwells in each face;
The merciless strife of battle relents,
Till musket and man are in place.

Over the meadows and out of each vale,
With weapons of silver they come;
Brave are their hearts—they never knew fail,
They're marching to fife and to drum.

Wheel into line, see, how they wheel in line,
For mile upon mile far away;
Close up—and rank after rank countermines—
'How many will live through the day?

How grand the display o'er the orient hills,
Where majesty rises to view;
In purling of brooks and rippling of rills
The reflex is witnessed anew;

In colors so fine, how gorgeously shine
A myriad of rays o'er the plain;
As if they were meant for fingers divine
To point out the graves of the slain.

Now, hasten the gunners, hasten the men,
And echo gives word of command;
The bugle is heard from valley and glen
To scatter afar and expand.

The horse are to right, then are to left;
Now waves a proud plume in the van;
For country to die, if all else bereft
Is fittest, is bravest for man.

THE DAWN OF SUMMER.

Lovely summer, welcome comer
From the portals of the sky;
Children greet thee, nations hail thee
From thy blest abode on high.

Now the morning, heaven adorning;
Glides majestic into view;
Bathing mountain, silvering fountain,
With a bright auroral hue.

Fresh from slumber, without number,
Rapturous voices vocal ring;
Grateful chorals, happy florals,
Emitting praises to their king.

Upward soaring, health outpouring,
Diffusing shadows o'er the scene;
Triumphant sun since time begun,
Thy beauties deck the vast terrene.

Chasing sunbeams o'er the mill streams;
See the joyous waters flowing;
Onward gliding, golden growing,
To landscape poetry bestowing.

Waking slowly, low and holy,
Pretty flowers their sweets unfold;
Incense swinging, tribute bringing,
Diffusing perfumes manifold.

HEIGHTS ABOUT WORCESTER, MASS.

Lit with gold, mountains old
Rear their rocky heads;
Waters deep, silent sleep,
In their placid beds.
Colors rare, fill the air,
Painting earth and sky;
Sunlight smiles, mid defiles,
Charming to the eye.

Wildly climb, scathed by time,
Up the steep ascent;
Stately pines, lowly vines,
Oak by ages bent;
Stealing through, bright, tho' few,
Gleam the rays of light;
Here and there, everywhere,
Making day of night.

Birds of song, notes prolong
Echoes welcome call;
Till the night, filled with fright,
Lets her curtain fall.
Lovely are moon and star,
Oh, how bright they beam!
Gemming o'er heaven's floor,
As lustrously they gleam.

Silence dwells in the dells
On the craggy steeps;
Solemn sways, 'mid the haze
Where Watchussetts sleeps;*
Naught of sound breaks around
Save the waterfall;
As it leaps, music speaks,
Dash! and that is all.

I have knelt, nay, have dwelt
Many scenes among;
Where were groves, where were coves,
Flags to breezes flung.
I have loved, I have roved,
Vainly with content;
Till I praised, till I gazed,
On this scene intent.

But farewell, hill and dell,
Worcester with thy joys;
Mountain heights, village sites,
Roved by college boys.
Oh! farewell, may no knell
Peal forth your decay;
May we meet, many feet,
On the final day.

*Mount Watchussetts, Mass.

ST. CECILIA.

From zone to zone, from clime to clime,
Where echo sounds in strains sublime
From mountain peak, from peaceful vale,
Let rise the word, Cecilia hail.

Let nations join to swell the song,
And spheres above the sound prolong;
Till heaven itself the acclaim shall hear,
And angels greet thee, Cecilia dear.

Cecilia, saint, thy name be blessed,
Bright seraph of the land of rest;
Ah! happy I thy smile to gain,
'Twere worth this world of woe and pain.

Handmaid of the organ, song and lyre,
Thy fingers music did inspire;
Inspired the soul to hear thy theme,
Unwilling to dispel the dream.

Behold the ages pass away,
And beauties in their flight decay;
Behold the races disappear,
But this saint we will still revere.

MEA ALMA MATER.*

Where the skies are fairest,
Where the flowers are rarest,
Where the waves in murmurs flow;
Where the grass is greenest,
And the air serenest,
Where the fires of heaven glow.

*Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Where the rills are falling,
And the echoes calling,
Wake sweet slumber from her rest;
Where the heaven, inclining
On the hilltops shining
Bends to rest, on nature's breast.

Where, in autumn, lying
Face upturned, are dying
Forest leaves, and forest flowers;
Where, in springtime coming
With a song, are humming,
Cool and nice the April showers.

Where the winter hastening,
And the snows are chastening
Earth, in robes of silver clad;
Where in summer glistening
Mountain rocks are listening
To the voice of nature glad.

Where, young health was scaling
Up the rocks, and hailing
Learning on its mountain seat;
There I've dwelt ne'er weary,
To climb the hilltops dearly
Led by better, holier feet.

From the graves of ages
Lore that covered pages
Wide its massive covers swung;
Words that shook with thunder
Thoughts that burst asunder
In my ears triumphant rung.

Dirge of nations tolling
On my ears came rolling,
 Keeping constant pace with time;
Grand, though gloomy, telling
As the sounds came swelling
 Of the victim of a crime.

Fame, her scroll extended,
Gilt with planets splendid,
 Half a firmament unrolled;
Where were haughty nations
Men of lofty stations,
 Shining bright in fire and gold.

Rome's immortal legions,
Athen's classic regions;
 Burst like meteors on my sight;
Long I gazed and wondered,
Longer mused and pondered
 How they too did take to flight.

From the zenith peeping
Where, forever sleeping,
 Beamed secure the poet's star;
There it burned immortal,
Waiting at the portal,
 In the azure space afar.

But time has fled—alas!
How oft was green the grass
 On graves of wealth and power;
In vain I look around,
With change the skies abound,—
 Life is but a fading flower.

But, the day is dawning,
Night, her sable awning
 Furls across from East to West;
And the bells are ringing;
College boys are singing,
 Singing for the dawn of rest.

See! fairy fingered morn,
With pencil to adorn,
 Tints the landscape far and near;
Music wakes the valley,
Echoes countless rally,
 To the laughter and the cheer.

Laugh today—tomorrow
Shall the thorn of sorrow,
 Estimate for me, my loss;
Years may bring me pleasure,
Full may be my measure,
 But, forget not Holy Cross!

FOURTH OF JULY—1863.

With freedom's emblem proudly streaming,
 From every staff, from every pole;
Each star and stripe with lustre beaming,
 Let states a continent unroll.

With music's voice an anthem waking,
 As if the echoes of the spheres,
Unlike the sounds so often breaking
 From widow's wail or orphan's tears.

With flower and branch let building bloom,
 And lovely youth her beauty lend;
With the roll of drum and cannon's boom,
 Let civic shoutings proudly blend.

For freedom's natal dawn is stealing
Along the hills among the stars;
Her household to the world revealing,
Great with power and brave with scars.
Let iron-throated heralds thunder,
Let tocsins peal a grand alarm;
To warn him who would tear asunder—
To shield America from harm.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the Death of a Friend, April 26, 1868.
Should grief but drop one silent tear
A tribute at thy feet;
Should friendship lay upon thy bier
Its offerings pure and sweet;
Indeed! thou couldst not blame the bard
Who thus his heart obeyed;
Nor wouldst thou all his verse discard,
Thou fair, departed maid.
Oh, muse, of late I saw a flower
That in a garden bloomed;
But did not think in one short hour
Its fragile life was doomed;
Methought the spoiler might have spared
This lily yet awhile,
And ought not in his choice have cared
To blight its virgin smile.
But He who writes the fates of life
Thy innocence preferred;
Death wielded his relentless knife
And thee to heaven transferred.
Tread lightly, grief, around her grave,
An angel sweetly sleeps;*
Let friendship here the stone engrave
As pity turns and weeps.

*Johanna McGee.

THE MORNING DAWN.

Arise, oh! sluggard, the day is dawning.
See the night doth furl her sable awning.
The trembling solar system fades away
Before the awful majesty of day.

The morn has dawned; and up the lea afar,
Alone, but brightly gleams the morning star.
The glowing orb appears in flames of fire;
From Nadir risen, hail the royal sire!

His myriad glances dart and lustrous beam,
From mountain rock and molten silver stream;
The rocky glen, the quiet velvet dell,
Whence faintly float the sound of feet and bell.

Bask blushing beneath his crimson smiles,
And see, from shadowy vales and deep defiles,
How nimbly bound the graceful antelope
From crag to crag, and up the hilly slope.

To greet thee, oh! thou principle of health;
Dispenser of true wisdom and true wealth.
Now echo wings its flight 'mong rocks, 'mong
hills,
As music's voice is heard from streams, from
rills.

The birds of song in one great gush of praise
Pour forth their chorals and their joyous lays;
Life throbs in every pulse, in every vein,
Creation sings a glad, responsive strain.

Ah! who can view and muse on scenes so grand
And 'does not feel his gratitude expand?
Who is insensible to nature's power?
Who loves the stinging thorn; who hates the
flower?

Then rise, oh! sluggard, from thy drowsy bed,
A paradise before thine eyes is spread.
Unite and sing a song of jubilee
To Him, great God of earth and all we see.

SUNSHINE.

Hail! orb of light, I rise to meet thee,
With joyous steps I haste to greet thee;
Greet thee in the balmy morning,
When with beauty thou'rt adorning,
Nature's vast, illimitable lea;
When creation wide is singing,
And the air abroad is bringing
Such health and happiness to me.

Hail! king of day, I thrill to see thee—
This world a desert were without thee;
Nature then would cease its being,
Flowers to heaven would be fleeing;
Chaos, dark, impenetrable be.
Paradise from earth ascending,
With the heavens would be blending,
Leaving death and gloom on land and sea.

Hail! elixir of life, I love thee;
How elysian to embrace thee!
Mount and meadow thou art greeting,
Streams of silver thou art meeting,
A thousand echoes thou art making;
Responsive throbs a hemisphere
In strains of triumph, loud and clear,
As o'er the horizon thou'rt breaking.

PAST AND FUTURE.

Oh! for the music of the past,
Oh! boyhood, for the joys thou hast;
Oh! for the lights and shadows cast,
Oh! for the moments spent at last.

Oh! for the virtues that are fled,
Oh! for the lilies that are dead;
Oh! for the beauties that are wed,
Oh! for the scenes that are sped.

Oh! for the purity regained,
Oh! for the heavenly rest obtained;
Oh! for the union we'll have gained,
Oh! for the happiness obtained.

Oh! for the music that will be;
Oh! future, with thy joys for me;
Oh! for the lights from shadows free;
Oh! for a bright eternity.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mary J. Bisgood, Aged 19 Years.

Lightly, gently bear her
To her earthly bed;
Never flower rarer
Drooped more beauteous head.

Softly, slowly lower
An angel to her rest;
Forever, ever more
Her spirit will be blest.

Sweetly, calmly sleeping,
From earth has passed our friend;
Sadly, sadly, weeping,
Her memory to defend.

Lovely, saintly mortal,
To rest, at last, thou'rt laid;
Through the happy portal
You enter, virgin maid.

CHRISTMAS.

Echo! from your mountain height,
Where oft are heard your varied sounds;
Where dulcet whispers of delight,
Restrained by neither power or bounds,
Their joyous, amorous tones repeat;
Awake! to hear the angels sing—
Come forth, the seraph choir to meet—
From hill, from dell, your service bring.

Oh! spiral peak, sublime and bold,
Thou emblem of a Christian's zeal;
Around thee dwell serene, tho' old,
The memories of woe and weal.
But now, let linger distant song,
For heaven's host on wing descends—
Behold them as they earthward throng,
And hark! how voice with music blends.

Yon quiet vale, yon sweet retreat,
Where children meet in games of love;
Or where devotion loves to meet,
To lisp the praise of God above;
To heavenly strains attentive be,
Repeat the soft and gushing notes,
The chorded tones of minstrelsy—
That palpitates through million throats.

Creation, vast, expansive lea—
Thou earth, whose veins the rivers are,
And thou, the mighty, ambient sea,
Whose breast protects the silver star,
Reflects the planetary light;—
Immensity with orbs replete,
Come, haste, and join the glad delight,
And thou, oh! man, the Savior greet.

Hark! what dulcet murmurings float,
'Tis song on wings of rapture borne—
'Tis music from the trumpet's throat,
To herald in the dawn of morn.
Now, faintly, sound returns again,
All space with whispering echo teems;
I hear a voice from vale, from glen,
I see a light with golden beams.

Then, "Glory be, to God on high!"
With rapture and with love they sing,
"And peace to men, the Lord is nigh."
Whilst loud hosannas constant ring.
See! splendor gilds the eastern sky,
And see the golden beams afar;
How radiant is the air on high,
Behold! the promised golden star.

A God has come to dwell among,
And heaven to earth in homage bows;
Seraphs! your joyous strains prolong.
Up! man, from sleep, from death arouse.
For lo! the promised Savior's born—
The great Messiah, mighty Christ—
This is the great redemption morn—
This, the Redeemer, Jesus Christ!

HOPE.

Come, thou, fair creature, blushing maid,
That giv'st to life its warmest hue;
Come, Hope! with flowers my path bestrew—
My muse invites thy timely aid.

In thy bright realm doth really dwell
A sphere of life alloyed with love;
And all the blessings from above
Then Hope, sweet fairy, speak and tell.

Tell me, doth pleasure ever reign
Where man is free from mortal dross?
Are there such things as pains or loss—
Are aspirations made in vain?

How oft the heart with hope dilates,
Expectant of some long-sought gain;
We follow oft our hopes in vain—
And pause before thy golden gates.

SPRING.

Fly to thy regions of cold and of snow!
Northward, O winter, depart from me, go!
More are unwelcome thy storms and thy sleet,
Raging and rushing from street unto street.
Gladly thy terrors and howlings I miss—
This is the season of joy and bliss.
Spring from above to earth has descended,
And the landscape with beauty befriended.
How sweet to my ears the pastoral songs—
How vernal the sound that echo prolongs.
Gleefully carol the zephyrs on wing—
List to the birds as they warble and sing.

Down from the skies cometh rosy-hued health,
Up from the earth riseth golden-hued wealth.
Everywhere with impulse throbbeth the earth,
Redolent and blooming just from its birth.

CUPID—WOMAN.

When Cupid says to thee, "My dear,"
You quick reply, "Well, love, I hear."
When Cupid says, "Wilt marry me?"
You toss you head and say, "I'll see."

THE DAWN OF AURORA.

Skyward hies the blue-eyed maid of morn,
Fairy from the womb of heaven born.
Resplendence from her chariot gleams
That fills the world with tints and beams.
Lovely herald of the coming day,
I hail thee in thy bright array;
Before thee pales the brilliant star,
The rays of planet distant far;
E'en sombre-vested night departs,
As every impulse light imparts.
Ethereal shapes and fancies flow,
And make their image on the snow.
A weird display of myriad rays,
Advance amid the gloom and haze;
Night's sable curtain is withdrawn,
Before the daughter of the dawn.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mary Adelaide Rose, Aged 9 Years.

As slowly dawned the morning light,
Abroad the vast ethereal lea;
Than westward sped the shades of night,
And left the world to grief and me.

For scarce had night her curtains furled,
Unbarred the portals of the sky;
Than heaven's gate illumed the world
And saw my sister Addie die.

Oh! who can paint that anguished hour,—
What verse awake the sad refrain;
When death embraced that stainless flower,
I knew she'd not come back again.

Like costly plants from distant lands,
And valued much because they're rare;
Thus to heaven bright angel hands
From earth transplanted Addie there.

Oh! muse, I cannot brook this song;
Oh! memory, destroy the spell;
'Twill break my heart to dare prolong
A grief that life will ne'er dispel.

Sweet child of God, then fare thee well,
I call thee in thy bright retreat;
'Tis sweet to think there'll be no knell
When face to face in heaven we'll meet.

TO MY DAUGHTER FLORENCE.

Sweet girl, accept the heart's first offering,
These rude, unlettered pages of my mind;
In hours of care they may refreshment bring,
And in thy hands a gentle critic find.

For life is fraught with care, and steals upon
Our fondest hopes and our dream destroys;
Like vessels on the main whose sails are gone,
We helpless drift, devoid of equipoise.

When friends that should be friends are dead
and gone,

And none are near the chills of life to quell;
When sickness, e'en with noiseless tread, steals on,
That fancied remedies cannot dispel.

For then, in moments 'mid thy gloomy years—
If memory's mystic lamp still vivid gleams;
Forget in thoughts of me thy woman's fears,
And be my heart th' oasis of thy dreams.

A GREETING TO RT. REV. S. V. RYAN, C. M.

Bishop-Elect to the Diocese of Buffalo.

Uplift the emblem of our faith, the Cross;
Let Christian standards to the breezes fly,
And loud hosannas rend the distant sky.
Let men, unmindful of their gold or dross,
Awhile to Christian duty now repair;
To welcome him who comes to fill the chair
Long vacant made in Bishop Timon's loss.

Above the festive sound let music rise—
In joyous numbers forth from brazen throats;
'Till echoes far and wide repeat the notes,
And upward soaring, reach the approving skies.
Let joy find voice in praiseful happy song—
In mighty chorals rising from the throng—
So glad their longing now to realize.

Ye spires asperse the air with mellow chime,
Awake the leaden silence o'er the lea;
And blend your thunder with the jubilee.
For lo! hath dawned the long-awaited time,
And men their new born bishop hail!
We pray may wisdom's voice with him prevail,
And 'neath his eye may faith become sublime.

This is a great eventful hour indeed.

The hearts of men beat faster than before ;

Whilst prayer and praise to heaven incessant soar.

Dull brooding cares of life from view recede,

O'ershadowed by this all-important one ;

Today the church with time moves nobly on,
And demonstrates the grandeur of her creed.

Years slumber in the pages of the past,

Surcharged with deeds that paralyze belief—

But gave to want and misery relief ;

That point to fame and altars unsurpassed,

For beauty or for decorative art ;

And to religion's rapid growth impart

The ardor of a faith so grand and vast.

For lo ! on every side from chaos sprung,

Institutions rear their well-built forms,

By faith implanted to defy the storms

That prejudice or time may cast among.

Here in splendor darts the silver-mounted spire,

That glistens in the sun's expiring fire,

Around whose apex heaven's smile is flung.

E'en penury has touched a tender chord,

And to the touch a strain responsive beats ;

For here oppression finds those safe retreats,

That now a myriad charities record.

No longer weeps the orphan for home—

No longer need the poor and friendless roam,

From places built a shelter to afford.

Nor didst thou, mercy, angel friend, forget

The wants of man when sickness laid him low.

When nature knew not where for help to go.

From homes in heaven above, without regret,

Thy sisters, filled with love did earthward hie ;—

Resolved for man to live, for man to die ;—

Ungenerous man, when canst thou pay this debt ?

Next a Christian feature in the plan—
Rose education born of rays divine,
And on the minds of men began to shine.
Touched by the common ignorance of man.
The children of De Salle their pennons wave,
Beneath whose blessed folds they strive to save,—
A noble body in the aspiring van.
But hark! what echoes break upon the ear?
Another comes Christ's mission to renew
And sow the seeds of Christian virtue, too:
“ 'Tis he! 'tis he!” on every side I hear,
Whose virtues here his presence doth preclude,
And wake a welcome from the multitude.
All hail! religion's sage, religion's seer.
From tongue to tongue rolls on the echo hail!
Whilst music gives to harmony a voice,
And responsive human hearts rejoice.
Transplanted scion of the South, all hail!
With greetings we thy promised coming wail.
Religion, love, throw open wide their gate,
And from thy people swell the chorus hail.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rt. Rev. John Timon, D. D.

Died April 16, 1867, 8:40 P. M.

Mute transition from rude nature's hand—
Thou voiceless eloquence of art;
Chiseled structure, gift of Gothic land,*
To prayer and worship built apart.
Sacred temple to the eternal King,
Beneath whose dome devotion glows;
'Mid whose arches sounds their pathway wing.
Until the air with rapture flows.

*St. Joseph's Cathedral.

Through thy varied colored windows stream,
Strugglings rays of heavenly light;
Till the chancel and the transept gleam
And the shadows take to flight.

Gothic walls with words of truth replete,
Solemn attests of the past;
Coffined rests a shade beneath your feet,
Sank to happy sleep at last.

There, where solemn stillness mystic sways—
There, where mighty Godhead dwells;
Moving, shadow-like amid the haze,
Still at eve his beads he tells.

Noiseless, now, before each station stands,
Breathing unction from his soul;
Or, in contemplation, lifts his hands,
Almighty goodness to extol.

'Tis his spirit; for his flesh is dust;
'Neath the altar there he sleeps—
Calmly sleeps the death of all the just;
Whilst suppressive sorrow weeps.

Naught to him the chime of many bells,*
From the lofty turrets swung;
Tho' their strains were those of chorded shells,
Such as never hath been sung;

Vainly will they peal their matin chime,
Or awake a vesper air;
'Till expires the fleeting lease of time,
Undisturbed, he'll linger there.

October 19, 1868.

*St. Joseph's Chimes.

FRIENDSHIP.

The lovely flower at morn its leaves unfolds,
And from its crimson lips sweet odors rise;
At night its beauty fades away and moulds—
Then silent sinks its drooping head and dies.

Thus friends that should be friends at morn are
true;

Their vows with passion from their lips do
spring;

But that which gave “enchantment to the
view,”

In absence oft betrays its bitter sting.

Then, friend, round whom life’s roses yet are
spread,

In every smile trust not thy tender years;
For should to fickleness your heart be wed,
Alas! ’twould wedded be to pain and tears.

TO MY DAUGHTER FELICIA PEARL.

Darling, in thy dreams at night,
When in darkness earth is vest;
Whither do thy thoughts take flight,
In the realms of blessed rest!

Doth the twinkling stars shine there,
Filling souls with heavenly bliss?
Is that world so bright, so fair,
So bright it far surpasses this?

Tell me, dear, the bliss of sleep,
And does dull care o’erpower sense;
Are there scenes to make thee weep,
When refreshed thou comest thence?

The dreamer tells of distant lands,
Where the sapphire glints the way;
Tell of heavenly fairy bands,
Decked in gold and rich array. ,
Though, my darling, dreams are thine,
Dreams of beauty, love and glee;
When to sleep thine eyes incline, ,
Then, dearest, dost thou think of me?

LINES SUGGESTED ON GOING DOWN TO
THE CELLAR FOR WINE ONE EVEN-
ING WITH JOSEPHINE D.

Night to earth her sable curtain flung,
And filled with gloom the landscape and the lea;
The evening chimes a parting farewell rung,
And left the world to Phoenix and to me.

Soon one by one, as though by magic drawn,
Within our sacred circle gathered near;
And then merry laugh began to dawn,
As out the window flew each idle fear.

Harmonious music's voice sweet echoes woke,
That rang throughout the spacious drawing
room;

Whilst merry songs, responsive to each stroke,
Made sense oblivious of the evening gloom.

'Twas merry laugh, 'twas witty speech that
flowed;

'Twas joy that plucked the roses from each
cheek;

'Twas beauty in her brightest garb that glowed
And caused the flattering tongue at random
speak.

Thus sped the hours on winged feet away,
Time's iron tongue rung out the hour of ten;
Fair Phoenie was the gayest of the gay,
Amid the concourse of those dames and men.

And now friend Phoenie from her seat arose,
She signaled me to be her warrior brave;
She said to hold the light before my nose,
And then her gentle palm to me she gave.

She held a pitcher in her dainty hand—
From head to foot arrayed in black she stood;
I could not disobey her magic wand,
Nor would I dare to do so, if I could.

The creaking cellar door I opened wide—
Ye gods! what blackness there defied my sight;
I turned and saw fair Phoenie by my side,
And her sweet smile dispelled my sudden fright.

To shades below with trembling steps we bend,
Shades the thicker grew on every hand;
Whilst noises strange broke out as we descend,
And cause my trembling hair on end to stand.

At length through gloom and space we safely pass;
The charm lay all in what fair Phoenie said;
I would not change as guide with that fair lass,
For any other better looking maid.

We blushing wine filled the pitcher's throat,
And as we filled it many a laugh had we;
Of place, or time, or fear, we took no note,
But laughed at Phoenie and she laughed at me.

We roamed the dark and noiseless cellar
 through,
Our feeble light but faintly pierced the
 gloom;
'Till tired our wearied, throbbing eyeballs grew,
And we resolved to reach the upper room.

MORAL:

Now all ye stylish gents and dames take heed,
 That life has many a sport that we could
 write;
But none so gay as with a girl, indeed,
 Go drawing cellar wine at ten at night.

IN MEMORIAM.

The slow descending sun retreats from view,
 The shadows from the tombstones lengthen-
 ing fall;
The sombre hues of night grow darker, too,
 And deck the scene around me with a pall.
A mystic stillness fills the evening air,
 No sound awakes a distant echoing strain.
Save where the zephyr woos yon willow there,
 And wakes me from my reverie again.
Here rise the monuments of sacred dead,
 Here buried lie the ashes of my friends;
Here cherished love and eager hopes have fled
 Where frail humanity the grave descends.
No footfalls wake the sleeping dead around,
 No matin chime can resurrect to life;
Beneath each grassy tuft and rising mound
 Recline the slain who fell in mortal strife.

Like sails upon the ocean's broad expanse,
Or, tents that whiten many a battle plain;
The various tombstones to my view advance,
And wake fresh memories of joy or pain.

That monument, which heavenward rears its
spire—

Whose polished shaft such graphic lines displays;
Glints brightest in the sun's expiring fire,
And tells the buried hero's fulsome praise.

'Mid paths which separate the noiseless graves,
On either hand, the humble slabs arise:
For some—not born to rise in life—were slaves
Who could not hope the world would hear
their cries.

For them, what were the meeds which fame
did sing;
Their busts fill not a niche where great men
shine;
Beyond the grave, whose terrors had no sting,
They realize the hopes of life's design.

And some lie here whose virtues are unsung
Their simple lives were circumscribed by
fate;
Unlike the great—their names to breezes
flung—
These learned to labor—and for fame to
wait.

Beneath that distant, broken shaft of stone,
Where willows sing a requiem to the dead;
Where night in gloomy silence dwells alone,
And all save birds and fragrant flower have
fled.

There dwells a voiceless inmate of the tomb;
His spirit, though, will never—never die.
'Twas death's remorseless breath that paled
the bloom,
And dimmed the lustre of his brilliant eye.

Methinks I see his figure pass along
The corridors of halcyon college halls;*
And, as he mingles with the eager throng,
His flute-like voice the scene again recalls.

Recalls the hopes that tinged the clouds of life,
Which mirage-like, our vision sought to ken;
For then our youthful dreams knew naught of
strife,
Nor cautioned us 'gainst wiles of wicked
men.

Oh! choicest page that fills the book of time,
What tears, what smiles, thy many lines
adorn.
How precious now to me the hallowed clime,
Wherein I dwelt, and laughed the world to
scorn.

For then I had a friend† whose strength of soul
And grace of mind sweet conversation gave;
Whose manhood early taught him to control
The passions, which oft make some men their
slave.

'Tis he who fills yon unobtrusive spot,
Who, on the altar of his church resigned
His pious heart; and, in the sacrifice forget
Th' allurements of the world he left behind.

*Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

†Rev. Charles B. Magennis.

From altar to the grave—alas! how brief
 (Ere yet, his five and twenty summers die),
His hopes were founded on the firm belief,
 That death was but a bridge 'twixt earth and
 sky.

And in the twilight thus I ponder on
 As shadows dim the objects from my view;
'Till, one by one, the marble stones are gone
 And o'er the earth night drops her sable hue.

POEM DEDICATORY TO THE BUFFALO CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

At the Formal Opening of Their New Building, corner
Main and Virginia, November 2, 1898.

Historic spot on which this building stands,
 'Twas on this site the primal growth began;
'Twas here humanity from foreign lands,
 A haven found for resurrected man.

Here Nature in her gorgeous raiments clad,
 Surcharged her green luxuriance o'er the lea;
Here thrilled the feathery tribe with whisperings
 glad,
 And woke a fitting welcome to the free.

It was a part of God's creative plan,
 Th' umbrageous forest grew and foliage
 swayed;
Whilst through glimmering leaves sweet mur-
 murs ran,
 For man, and such as sought its blissful
 shades.

Here vintage reddened many a farmer's land,
And plenty in his bursting barns were stored;
Contented cheer displayed on every hand,
The summer's orchard or the winter's hoard.

The deep and pleasant depths of trees revealed,
The fattened lowing kine, the bleating flock;
The village bells their distant chiming pealed,
To send their carols over field and rock.

The light which heralds in a morning sun,
Upon the lofty mountains prints a kiss;
With fleeting pace the mists from valleys run,
To leave the happy world alloyed with bliss.

Thus intellect dispersed the savage race,
Whose busy hamlets loitered here and there;
No more these plains to rove with spear and
chase;
To rob the settler of a hemisphere.

From village church, behold the city spire,
The vast cathedral rears her silver dome;
The trend of architecture thoughts inspire,
To beautify each building, street and home.

From year to year, large structural sites arose,
For riches then dispensed with lavish hand;
Dispelled the happy rustic's brief repose,
To spread her labor o'er the farmer's land.

From chaos too, this temple entered life,
How happy ye who willing sponsors stood;
Through years of toil, through hours of weary
strife,
To see her grow to regal womanhood.

Oh! noble pile to education wed,
Beneath whose sacred roof such solace dwells;
The years, dissolved by time, alas, have fled,
As have the bleating flocks, and village bells.

The few who gathered in St. Michael's Church,
I knew them well, alas—for I was one—
How many now are left, were we to search?
Their light is out—their sturdy forms are
gone.

The retrospect now bright—now gloomy grows—
The noble band, though fewer, never swerved;
And from the ashes of their friends arose
A double energy, whose purpose served.

Like that great mariner who sought the deep,
On unknown seas his Spanish pennant furled;
His crew despairing, crowd about and weep,
Because they felt he lost a new sought world.

His faith, his hopes, surmount their cringing
fears,
The mast displays his flag, "Excelsior;"
At last, "'tis land," from every spar he hears
To crown his promise as a conqueror.

'Twas thus this energy, more potent grew,
Throughout the night we also rode the gale;
For morn has dawned upon our valiant crew,
As on the staff, fair freedom's flag we nail.

Success awakes a triumph in our eyes,
It lays a wreath upon our throbbing brows;
It fills the wondering critic with surprise,
To really see we have fulfilled our vows.

This spot by literature historic made,
All time to come will bless our growing town;
For wealth and high estate will earlier fade,
Than dastard perish all her great renown.

To thee a sacred mission then belongs,
Thy scope lies far beyond these well-built walls;
O! Institute, your worth will live in songs,
As people gather in your welcome halls.

'Twill live, memorial of the struggling zeal
That closely watched and helped thy infant feet;
'Twill live to see posterity appeal
To thee, oh, Institute, as learning's seat.

Perchance some genius, now to us unknown,
By thee awakened, may immortal rise;
Among thy books his studious life was thrown,
To wait for fame and time to canonize.

Speed on, thou intellectual commonwealth,
Let poesy thy brow with garlands twine;
Thy future will defy attempted stealth,
And gladden yearning souls of unborn time.

BEFORE A NATURAL GAS GRATE FIRE.

Before me brightly burns the lambent flame,
The flickering colors dance within the fire;
And from the precincts of this heated frame,
Subtle forces varied thoughts inspire.

Thou moving, withering, ambient mass of heat,
Thou monarch of a power whose realm's unknown;
Unchecked, thy presence scatters many feet,
To leave thee in thy grandeur all alone.

Though death doth follow in thy carbon path,
No matter whether one may take to flight;
A blessing oft to man, with all thy wrath,
Thou art; and oft thou art his great delight.

And when I gaze upon thy lurid face,
And dream o'er pictures which are there por-
trayed;
Or, when thy embers in a fitful chase,
In varied hues are brilliantly arrayed.

'Tis then, in spirit, forms to me appear,
Their presence resurrect the fleeting past.
And from this molten superheated sphere,
Their loving glances o'er me seem to cast.

I seem to see the sacred form of her,
Upon whose gentle knee as child I played;
Sweet memories my throbbing heart bestir,
When on my mother's lap I loved and prayed.

The gray-haired sire, to greet his firstborn son,
With eager smiles and love in turn appears;
To tell me of the glorious victory won,
Exultant hope o'er weary fleeting years.

And thus in rapid flight, fond friends move on,
Their names and deeds engrossed in history;
At length their varied forms have fled—are
gone—
To leave me here on earth in mystery.

At last I seem to yield to Nature's spell,
Strange fancies o'er my senses slowly creep;
And whilst oblivion clouds my wearied brow,
I find repose at last in gentle sleep.

DEDICATORY POEM

Upon the Dedication of the New Stage of the Buffalo
Catholic Institute, 1888, corner Chippewa
and Main Streets.

When learning first her light unrolled,
Aurora-like she bathed the world;
Her pennon opened fold on fold,
And ever since has been unfurled.

Through centuries of strife and crime,
Her firm, unfaltering march she kept;
As down the rugged aisle of time,
At times she sang, at times she wept.

No pen of mine can draught her praise.
No diction here, her worth extol;
'Tis genius that alone can raise,
Her triumph spread from pole to pole.

In eastern climes her brilliance gleamed,
When Horace wrote and Homer sung;
When burning thoughts like sunlight beamed,
And all the world responsive rung.

Through many years her mission flowed,
Eternal vigilance her law;
On man such blessings she bestowed,
That kings and princes stood in awe.

As westward, darkness swiftly hies,
When morn's effulgence floods the lea;
As beauty tints the glowing skies,
When evening's rays sink in the sea.

Thus mind, enslaved, from night awoke,
Obedient to her firm behest;
So potent were the notes she spoke,
That all the world her skill confessed.

Confessed her in her might and love,
 'Till conquered nations reverent kneeled;
Confessed the name of Him above,
 Whose power as handmaid she revealed.

All hail! thou angel unto men,
 Thy inspiration we invoke;
We bid thee welcome once again,
 Redeemed from proud oppression's yoke.

We hail thee! Intellectual light,
 Let not thy mystic guidance fail;
We dedicate this stage tonight
 To thee—and cry thee hail, all hail!

For, from the cares of busy strife,
 'Tis well at times to part awhile;
'Tis well to taste the joys of life,
 And leisure hours beguile.

What nobler to the mind than art,
 In which the drama takes the lead;
What better method to impart,
 The lessons and the joys we need.

Here genius, like a costly gem,
 Perchance its beauty will unfold;
And beaming like a diadem,
 Reveal its value—precious gold.

'Tis not for naught the steep ascent
 We climb; nor yet for selfish greed;
Our aim through life should be intent,
 In planting learning's mustard seed.

The seeds of knowledge deftly sown,
 A hundred fold or more return;
Whilst mind to large proportions grown,
 The grosser drifts of Nature spurn.

Lo at our feet—there prostrate lie
The superstitions of an age;
'Tis light that rifts a troubled sky,
And dissipates its gathering rage.

How strong the contrast 'twixt the state
Of savage and enlightened man;
We shudder at the former's fate,
Though part of the creative plan.

Build we a monument to last,
Whose base on strong foundation lies;
Behold the grandeur of the past,
For models that impinge the skies.

How oft within these hallowed walls,
The gems of eloquence we've seen;
Methinks I hear the echo calls,
Renew the memory of each scene.

Alas! for some we may shed tears,
When death's relentless knife did fall;
Their works adorn the fleeting years,
And many a social hour recall.

But out upon the main of life,
Other souls are struggling on;
Their learning aids them in the strife,
When wealth and fancied friends are gone.

'Tis ours to emulate their zeal,
And add a lustre to our name;
'Tis ours to shape our woe or weal,
And well deserve the paeans of fame.

TO A LITTLE GIRL ON HER
EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.

Fairest of thy sex, an angel thou,—
Thine eyes like unto orbs heavenly light,
Dark tho' mild they beam like lustrous gems;
Fair-haired maid, love's sweetest prototype.
How wave in rich profusion all thy curls,
That play and rise above thy radiant brow;
Thy slender tapering form with grace combines,
To give thee eloquence and wake respect.
Innocence sweet cherub also dwells,
Holiest in all thy acts and ways;
It beams in modest glances from thine eye—
It steals tho' furtively across thy cheek—
And fills thy soul with such reflections,
As worthy to crown the brow of seraphs.
Oh! may e'er thy happy guerdon be,
To lead thee to bright eternity.

February, 1870.

NETTIE CONE.

Died June 17, 1870, Aged 3 Years.

'Twas when the stars of June had paled,
And fruitful summer blessed the earth;
That Death whose power hath never failed,
Made desolate a social hearth.

It laid its hand upon a child,
Ere yet the flower its sweets disclosed;
And, as it dying, sweetly smiled,
To other lands its life transposed.

From out the skies an angel flew,
That bore this cherub upon its breast;
A ray of light its path bestrew,
That gleamed from mansions of the blest.

And lo, a larger flood of light,
 Illumed the distant azure lea;
It pierced the shadows of the night,
 And filled my soul with ecstasy.

I heard the sounds of lyre and song,
 I saw descend a seraph band;
And most beauteous of this throng,
 A crown uplifted in its hand.

They met—how beautiful the sight—
 With melody the air was rife;
And as they heavenward took their flight,
 The slumbering child awoke to life.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

For Silver Jubilee Banquet of the Buffalo Catholic
 Institute, February 9, 1892.

As 'twere some sculptured marble to unveil,
On which both time and art had sculptured
 wrought,
And left the impress of a master' hand,
Do we attendant wait. To-night we count
The fleeting years, whose clouds are silver lined,
Upon our fingers. Five and twenty glide
Like spectres through the graveyard of the past.
Nor does the twilight of those vernal hours,
When youth and hope, expectant dreamed and
 loved,
Obscure the work. The chiseled form from chaos
Sprung; each year is hewn and shaped, until
To giant strength attained this stately structure,
Rears its lofty head—our Institute.

Like some great oak from humble acorn born,
Whose foliage, winter storms and summer sun
Alternate played among. Beneath whose shade
The dreams and hopes of earlier years repose;
Whose branches as in benediction, blessed
The friendships interwoven with its growth,
And left their incense 'round its native bloom,
This grand old structure stands—our Institute.
Not distance much less hoary-headed time
Obliterates; for down the avenue
Through which the cycles in their orbits roll,
Undimmed, speed on the years, we've prized so
 dear.

Upon the threshold of these sacred walls,
The great procession halts to homage pay.
We lift veil, and lo! the statue stands—
'Tis fame, 'tis honour, which surmount his brow;
No tongue verbed with envy, dare deny
His worth. As long as stands this Institute
The name of C. V. Fornes written high
In characters of living gold will glow
His labors and his zeal to emulate.

Oh! hallowed time, the centuries absorb
The grand and great of every age. In whose
Illimitable space the monuments
To art and science find abiding place;—
To thee with pride this temple we commit.
Historic epoch of the world, behold,
No pen of mine can draught her praise—no
 tongue
Her worth extol. This massive building grew
From puling infancy to womanhood.

'Twas loving hearts that watched her budding
growth,
Stood sponsors at the font. At five and twenty
To-day among her sisters forth she moves.

Oh, muse, supply the stanzas which belong
"In memory" of the tried and trusted friends;
Who every hardship braved and succor brought,
A few now gather round this festive board,
Whose locks are tinged with gray, whose race
is run.

Familiar headstones point where others lie.
Oh modest youth but faithful honest heart.
O'er whom for many a year the earth hath lain;
Though dead the spirit form is ever here,
For happy souls like thine were born to live
And ever live. We hail thee Peter Young.

Prophetic hour enlarge the horoscope,
In which the future dims our anxious view;
And, through the vista of the years to come,
When youth and age this house hath builded
well,
Discern the good from learning's mustard seed.

Oh, glorious light that rifts a troubled sky,
And dissipates its clouds and gathered rage;
Thy flashes then reveal the blue—the stars
Which pin thy folds upon the firmament.
Upon the azure as the curtain lifts,
The mind, as if by magic, wide expands.
The clouds that hovered o'er our finite minds,
Fade; and joys to which we strangers were
Awake the roseate tints of health and wealth.

The natal hour of early dawn succeeds
The darkest hour of night. Faint glimmering light
In tremulous waves begin to flood the earth,
As evanescent shadows westward flee,
Fair prelude of coming God of day.

The mists which shroud the hills and vales below,
Dissolve and to oblivion disappear;
Until throughout the planetary spheres,
Majestic sun awakes a sleeping world.
Thus knowledge breaks upon untutored minds
Illumes the intellect; develops brain;
And stirs a hemisphere. From torpor's sinuose
Folds, the educated mind, released
Showers peace and plenty o'er a race.

Precursor then of joys, oh! Intellect
We hail thee—hail! Let not the guidance cease;
'Tis not for naught the steep ascent we climb,
Nor yet for selfish greed. The mind enslaved,
From night awoke, obedient to thy call
So urgent were the words she spake. 'Twas
then

The world her skill confessed, and conquered
kneeled—

Confessed the name and power of Him above
Who mercy, love as handmaid she revealed.

Oh, blessed light, vouchsafe to struggling men,
More brilliant than the light of all the spheres;
To-night thy subtle aid we hail again,
To bless the fruitage of the coming years.
And when this world of sin with time has passed
And we in golden raiments new arise;
Oh, may our happy souls refined at last
Translated be—beyond the distant skies.

BISHOP COLTON.

A wondrous world from chaos grew—
The mountains rose—the rivers are;
The orbic planets speed in view.
And earth was bathed by sun and star.
Thus time began and man was born.

Then Adam's fall—to curse our race—
To save mankind, Messiah came—
To dissipate by Saving grace,
Our primal parents' sin and shame.
Oh, blessed Cross and Easter morn.

Through centuries of strife and crime,
In which the aims of men were spent;
The Cross, unerring and sublime,
Saves man by faith and sacrament.
Oh, hallowed scourge, oh, Sacred Thorn.

Thus through the vista of the past,
Th' elect were gathered in the fold;
The wondering nations stood aghast,
Before the world, so long foretold.
Oh, Christ divine, oh, Christ forlorn.

The years roll on—the cycles pass—
The truths of Christian ethics spread.
And millions bowed before "the Mass,"
Who now lie numbered with the dead.
Oh! Church triumphant and sublime.

Thou—Eden of the mighty west,
America—illumed the spheres;
Here fled the weary and oppressed,
To waste their sorrows and their tears.
Oh! marvel in the book of time.

The anointed priest—the sanded friar—
Braebeuf and Jogues, La Salle, Marquette—
Spread o'er the land in words of fire,
Religion's sacred alphabet,
Transcendant o'er the savage grime.

Then Saintly Timon more than man—
Thy labors firm foundation laid;
Thy fertile zeal evolved the plan,
Which shows the progress it has made
In churches and St. Joseph's chime.

'Twas Ryan next and Quigley, too,
In apostolic order came;
Not time can e'er their work undo,
Nor calumny their work defame.
Your memories we consecrate.

Thus onward speeds the work of God,
Another on the threshold stands;
Where Timon, Quigley, Ryan trod—
To labor with his willing hands.
With loving hearts thy people wait.

He comes the bishop's throne to grace,
The task will not deter his zeal;
In common with the populace,
His priests and he in reverence kneel.
The Catholic truth to vindicate.

Behold the welcome he receives,
Surrounded by his faithful flock;
For every Catholic believes,
And loves the Mitre and the frock.
Hail! bishop, hail, mid pomp and state.

Hail! Colton fourth in line,
Thy sacred mission to fulfill;
Hail! Prelate of the church divine,
Obedient to God's holy will.
To thee we all capitate.

Like morning mists beneath the sun,
Before thy justice, wrong will pale;
Increase the fold—no danger shun—
To teach the faith till right prevail.
This constitutes thy high estate.

And when thy bishopric shall close,
And destiny thy life demands;
May Providence thy fate dispose,
Translated be to heavenly lands.
From this thy earthly consulate.

THE ANGELUS.

It was a lovely Briton village;
Beyond whose confines acres lay;
Each glebe and furrow showed the tillage,
That filled the measure of each day.
That blessed the rustics patient hours,
Exhaled the profits of the soil;
That filled his barns and bloomed his flowers,
And spread content upon his toil.
Far from the restless trend of life,
Where discontent the child of wealth
Pursues a ceaseless round of strife,
To undermine the bloom of health.
These simple-minded peasants dwell—
To find their happiness in prayer;
And when at morn is heard the bell,
Whose silver tongue disturbs the air.

They pause—and bow their reverent head,
Oh! Virgin Mary Mother mild,
Whose sainted Son for us hath bled,
Oh, pray for me, a recreant child.

The reffluent notes in limped rhyme,
Again across the fields doth peal;
The Angelus with mellow chime,
Announces now the noonday meal.

They bare their heads—the toilers cease,
Their forms erect against the sky;
They pray for love, they pray for peace,
Until the bells' sweet echoes die.

Hail Virgin Mary, full of grace,
For sinners such as we, oh! pray;
Turn not from us thy holy face,
Not now, forever and alway.

Soon sinks the sun's expiring light,
Whose haloes o'er the hamlet gleam;
The shadows creep proclaiming night,
Which darken home, and field and stream.

In rapturous tones, swings to and fro,
The creaking belfry's iron tongue;
To let the weary worker know,
The evening Angelus hath rung.

It rings a merry jubilee,
So many voices from above;
It rings a sweet Angelic plea,
To Him, majestic God of love.

It rings the waning hour of day,
And far across the darkened lea,
The tinkling notes commune and pray,
They lose themselves in mystery.

I know no faith that's more sublime,
The faith to which these rustics cling;
Their soul's awake to every clime,
On which the Angelus takes wing.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JOHN M'MANUS

Died March 11, 1908.

One by one the autumn leaves decay,
To earth in feeble fight they fall;
Their sad descent continues day by day
'Til every leaf obeys the call.

The day succeeds the night, the night the day,
The hours in transit never pause;
The change of seasons, too, their fright betray
And yield to nature's rigid laws.

The flower that opes its petals in the morn,
At night, with drooping head retires;
Of fragrance then, its short existence shorn,
It yields to death and then expires.

And so the change for man creeps on apace,
From life our friends do daily flee;
Their spirits mingle in the thundrous race
That rushes towards eternity.

Among the number of departing friends,
Was one, for many years a man
Elate in mien; whose character defends
His memory throughout life's span.

I knew him well; admired his measured tread
As through our streets he daily trod;
His upright life was such,—he felt no dread
To meet his Saviour and his God.

His mirthful eye, and oft his jocund smile,
Expressed the sweetness of his soul:
When purpose served, he sought to dignify
And keep his thoughts within control.

A tender father and a faithful spouse,
He never swerved from love or care;
In him no dire misfortune could arouse
The pent up forces of despair.

He finished everything he undertook,
He might have led a student's life;
He loved to spend his leisure with his book,
Afar from daily business strife.

Bear witness, muse, he was a gentleman,
For John McManus always was;
Men found in him a courteous partisan
Who won their friendship and applause.

No more on earth thy manly form we'll meet,
Thy Christian life has passed to God;
No more thy friends with kindly words to greet,—
In peace thou sleepest 'neath the sod.

In thy grave, then, sleep; remain at rest
Till judgment day awake thee, John;
For then thou'll pass to mansions of the blest
Where other happy souls have gone.

FROM THE CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES.

Mr. Deuther's verses "brought down the house." The Union and Times has been requested to publish them, and does so with pleasure. While they necessarily lose much of their local color transferred from the banquet room to cold type, many of our readers will recognize and enjoy the pictures Mr. Deuther has drawn:

'Tis well to gather round the festive board,
And there our jovial souls dilate;
To scatter jokes (in memory's granary stored),
Oblivious of our wealth or state.

'Tis well to meet and cast away our care,
And listen to the corks that pop;
For in their music dwells a soothing air,
That causes us all ills of life to drop.

This scene tonight sweet memories renew,
When glass to glass we clash together;
When speech and toast our thoughts again re-
view
Regardless of the night or weather.

Our genial Joe, with youthful years is here,
A faithful captain of the ship;
Behold his brilliant eye! it knows no fear;
His pate is bald—but firm his grip.

Tho' sixty summers dwell upon his brow,
And on his face deep furrows leave,
Behold his graceful pose, his classic bow,
As we his courtly toasts receive.

Another figure looms upon our view;
His modest face is lit with smiles,
His cheeks aglow, now burn with roseate hue
As he this festive hour beguiles.

He's young, quite young, but older he will
grow,
Perhaps some day he'll be a man;
Of clubs, or club life, then he more will know
When through the span of life he's ran.

'Tis genial Godfrey's praise I sing tonight,
Not the errant knight of old;
Now isn't he a handsome, youthful wight,
Whose features here the truth unfold?

Ah! there, whose voice now rings upon our ear?
By Jove, 'tis Medicus O'Dwyer;
For would you learn how cards to play, draw
near
And hear him talk—and then perspire.

“Now, don't be rash, for that's no way to
play,—
Oh! that's a Deuther bid, dear boy;
Bet ten on deuce and king and jack, you say?
Not on your life—my friendship to enjoy.”

But Tom, with all his faults is still “dear boy”—
This sobriquet oft makes him laugh;
For when he dies he'll surely die for joy,
To know 'twill be upon his epitaph.

Another echo through the room resounds—
The Chief advances to the front;
With smell of lye and soap the air abounds;
'Tis Anthony now smiles, with manners blunt.

“Didn't I tell you it was a good idee
To keep a banquet in this hall?
It brings the boys togedder, as you see;
We should have one every fall.”

There's Strootman, thinks himself so mighty
fine—
His play at cards is mighty queer;
Yet there's one who brings him down to time
When rotund Deuther marches from the rear.

Nor must I overlook another friend,
Who surely must enjoy his S (c) here (r) ;
For dear old Nick I would not dare offend,
Although he'd tell me—a blank he didn't care.

I need not draw the portrait of our Ed,
Although this building plan he drew ;
'Twould be a better plan, by far, instead,
If he would tell us all he knew.

And still another Ed—you know him well—
We'll make immortal on this page ;
Instead of Metzger it is Smith ; don't tell ;
Among the girls he's all the rage.

At weddings often has he helped his friends,
And walked tra-la-la up the aisle ;
E'en gossip does not know when he intends
To get a wife and do it up in style.

Nor can my muse omit to speak of Dave
Si tres Charmant—si tres richesse ;
At lectures all the girls about him rave,
He seats them all with such finesse.

His head is shaped like some great man of old,
His manners full of politesse ;
His lovely hair in ebon hue is rolled
And now who is he ? Can you guess ?

But the loveliest chap who says the least
Is one whose name begins with F ;
Go search the universe from West to East,
In making trunks he is a chef.

One fault has Frank, and this I must declare,
He's like Ed Smith—he's plump and fat ;
Whew ! how his objurgations fill the air ;
To try and tie his shoes at that.

But don't forget the "Coon that looks like me,"
Oh, Harry, with your auburn locks.
He, taller than the pine some day will be
When he outgrows his infant socks.

But as I run the gamut of this crowd
And all its various features scan;
I must confess sincerely that I'm proud
To be among you man for man.

For what is life, if not alloyed with mirth?
At night, when work of day is done;
We gather in our club, and round its hearth
We laugh and joke and have our fun.

This banquet should, then, bind us strong to-
gether,
Let friendships here cemented be;
Despite the roughest storms of wind or weather,
To often meet in joy and glee.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

The Emerald Isle, the Emerald Isle,
An island known in song and story;
Thy pristine deeds reflect the glory
Which emblazons history's page—
Which checked the British lion's rage—
A comfort to the sad exile.

'Tis true, on none more than on thee—
Hath nature lavished with her hands;
Thy forests and thy verdant lands;
For o'er thy fertile fields still shines—
And o'er thy dreamy streams inclines—
The sun, to rouse thy lethargy.

Of thee, the bards and poets sang,
Thy people fought—thy heroes won—
When human rights were tramped upon;
When civic virtues, set aside
By tyrants, aiming to divide
Thy spoils among a foreign gang.
The odes of praise which others raise
Of gorgeous climes of centuries past;
(Now in decadence sunk at last),
Thy glories now do not excel;
Nor will these scribes e'er break the spell,
Triumphant in thy songs and lays.
Unhappy land, 'tis writ of thee
That time thy miseries will quell;
Thy disenthralment will compel;
Thy enemies may well beware
Thy wrath, and for their doom prepare,
Before the march of liberty.
All men a band of brothers are,
Divided though they be by race;
Which time will late or soon efface.
Among the nations wilt thou sit,
And persecution then outwit,
Protected by bright freedom's star.

REVERIE AT MANHATTAN BEACH.

As out upon the ocean's sinuose form,
I watch its undulating ceaseless roll;
No thought as yet suggests a coming storm,
So calmly moves the water to its goal.
Each wave is crested with a foam of white,
Which gently laves the rocky beach below;
The planetary rays drop down at night,
To revel on the water's restless flow.

The bright reflections, sportive, trip and dance,
The moon illumines the scene in one embrace;
As light pours down upon the vast expanse,
The silvery beams commingle in the chase.

The waters in their stretch dissolve afar,
They reach the confines of the distant sky;
Absorb the purity of moon and star,
Whose forms the troubled waters amplify.

Still on the beach, in contemplation bent,
I listen to lapping of the waves;
Whose murmurs on the pebbled shore are spent,
To lose themselves within their watery graves.

A grandeur overawes the solemn sight,
The midair, heavy with the advancing gloom,
Grows denser with the mystic pall of night,
To find repose upon its watery tomb.

The waves, their murmurs and the flickering
view

Combine my langorous senses to control;
Until I feel the fall of evening dew,
Disturb delicious reveries of my soul.

Recall me from the damp and earthy clod
Where in meditation I had lain;
And as I turned to leave the grassy sod,
I cast one look upon the boundless main.

THE CARRILLON OF ST. JOSEPH.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Forth from a choir of harmonizing tongues,
A multitude of chorded strains arise;
The silver bells, like perfumed censors swung,
Evolve their tribute praises to the skies.

On every hand 'tis magic art conspires
And wakes a sleeping world to prayer and
God ;
'Tis music calling with her wonted fires,
To Christians in the paths their fathers trod.

Upward on soaring wing the anthem swells,
Whilst naught but echo rifts the stilly air ;
From limpid throats of three and forty bells
Ceaseless peals the Sabbath's morning prayer.

How eloquent these soul-subduing strains,
Whose echoes kiss the ambient wave afar ;
Whose music o'er the distant landscape rains,
As sweet as falls the beams of evening star.

What sense of happy ease pervades the hour,—
What solace to the heart this Sabbath morn ;
More sweet, more rare, than perfume of the
flower,
This flood of sacred music, newly born.

Oh ! sacred bells, how soothing to the ear,
When world and sin we leave afar behind ;
To sit and listen to thy tones of cheer,
And in thy heavenly language comfort find.

There comes an hour in life we least expect,
When sadness casts a shadow on our joys ;
When hopes, like stranded vessels, lie abject,
And pale adversity our work destroys.

E'en then, in hours most solemn for our years,
Perchance at night, when all abroad is still ;
Thy voice will wake our slumbering languid ears,
And with reanimated hope instill.

Then voices from a fairer sky awake,[†]
And on the waiting zephyrs flood the lea;
Bid sadness from our midst its flight betake,
Before thy grand prospective jubilee.

When streams of melody invade the air,
What molten notes in golden waves expand;
For wedded to the Christian's vesper prayer,
The sacred stillness throbs on every hand.

Within the precincts of that solemn pile,*
Where sombre shadows fitful vigils keep;
'Round fretted arch, and through the long-drawn
aisle,

How sweetly do thy whispering echoes sweep.

Ring on, oh! bells; ye heralds of that bourne
Unknown to mind, unseen by mortal eye;
Your mellow tongues shall solace those who
mourn
And build a bridge of hope 'twixt earth and
sky.

[†]Mans, Dept. Sarthe, N. W. France.

*St. Joseph's Cathedral.

OUR FLAG: EMBLEM OF LIBERTY.

1776

1876

When freedom built upon her mountain heights
The fires which beacon-like illumed the world;
She thrilled a hemisphere with human rights,
And proudly to the breeze her flag unfurled.

She soared among the spheres, and chose the stars,
And took the azure of the skies above;
She intermingled them with golden bars,
And then proclaimed her work of hope and love.

There—in the twilight of the coming morn—
This heaven-sent emblem burst upon our view;
This pennant from the womb of freedom born,
Dispelled the old, and ushered in the new.

The sleep of centuries, the mists of years,
Like vapors fled before the rising sun;
And intellect, long dormant, woke with tears,
To find that human happiness had won.

To find that, 'neath thy sheltering outstretched
arms
No kingly tyranny would dare invade
Thy new abode; nor tocsin sound alarms,
'Gainst wars or fears, nor threatened ambus-
cade.

One hundred years have fled with time,
Like milestones fill the graveyard of the past;
And still our flag invites from every clime
The oppressed to come and safety find at last.

'Twas not in vain our brave forefathers fought,
Some on the battlefield, some on the sea;
If even so 'twas cruel death they sought,
And proudly triumphed for posterity.

Woe unto those who would a finger raise,
Our great and glorious country to impair;
Cursed be the tongue that dares her worth dis-
praise,
And her destruction threaten or declare.

Our flag will wave athwart the sunny sky,
To let all nations know we still are free;
That all the world (if needs be) we defy,
Defending flag, and home, and liberty.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mary (nee Hickey), Aged 26 Years, Wife of Richard
E. Kinney.

Thou friend of many years, farewell,
Of years deep tinged with friendship's hue;
How solemn now the funeral knell,
That tolls for one so kind—for you.

Farewell! thou friend of social hours,
In groves of happy summer passed;
Where blossomed, too, the fairest flowers
Like thee, so young, to fade at last.

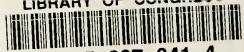
We knew thee, friend, in years long fled,
When sunshine lit thy lovely brow;
When to music's voice was wed
Thy heart, tho' cold and ceaseless now.

And when to friendship's eager call,
Thy smile, sweet invitation gave;
Oh! who e'er thought that thou of all
So soon shouldst fill a silent grave.

Ah! hearts there are that tears disdain,
And friends who, too, can soon forget;
But love its grief cannot contain,
Nor drown in one brief word regret.

From earth to heaven—who would not die—
Bid earth's insensate bliss away;
To reap the joys that hidden lie,
In one long, bright eternal day.





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